Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane;
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would speake with you:
Ile see if *I* can get my husbands ring,
vvhich I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them too:
away, make hast, thou knowst where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house?

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
vvhen the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
stoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Iessi. In such a night,
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night

did

did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
and with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Iessi. In such a night
did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
and nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
slaunder her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
my Mistres will before the breake of day
be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
by holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:
I pray you is my Maister yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
and ceremoniously let vs prepare
some welcome for the Mistres of the house. *Enter Clowne.*

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, sola, sola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Post come from my Maister, with his horne full of good newes, my Maister will be heere ere morning, sweete soule.

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